



Strands

by Ester Bossi

CHARACTERS

Young woman

Middle-aged woman

Old woman

SETTINGS

Black background, dimly lit, the scene is almost empty, three chairs can be seen and an old spinning wheel.

The Young woman enters the scene carrying a basket full of wool in her hands.

She settles it beside the spinning wheel, before sitting on the chair that is closer to the pedal of the tool.

The Middle-aged woman enters too, she sits on the other chair, placed close to the reel of the spinning wheel.

YOUNG WOMAN

Here we're again to spin wool all together. It's been a while ...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

It's been a while indeed, but there's always wool to spin.



YOUNG WOMAN

Spin, spin and spin.

She sighs

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You spin the wheel, the spinning wheel goes.

YOUNG WOMAN

The wheel turns and never stops, as Time does.

YOUNG WOMAN & MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Time stops for no one.

The Old woman emerges from the shadows.

Silently she sits down on the last chair. With an imperious gesture of her hand she asks the Middle-aged woman to pass the thread of already spun wool to her.

The Middle-aged woman does as told.

Silence follows, broken only by the creaking sound of the spinning wheel pedal

OLD WOMAN

As cutting of a scissor the Clock will take thee.

Cut, cut, cut!

Cut off with a clean cut!

She slashes a piece of woolen thread with a pair of scissors

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

That life could have been left alive more, sister.

It was still young, full of hopes and expectations... and above all it was worthy.

OLD WOMAN

It had come its hour. The wool was ready.

She shrugs

YOUNG WOMAN

And what about this one?

She takes another thread of wool

OLD WOMAN

No, this one not. The wool's not unravelled enough.

Make it do a few more spins, you will never know what it might arrange.



YOUNG WOMAN

But look the bad quality and this wool! It's so filthy and wicked!
How can thou say'st that it must be left running yet? More than the innocent life
thou just cut'st off! Now that was excellent quality!

The Middle-aged woman tries to calm the Young woman's sudden utter

OLD WOMAN

Shut thy little, pretty mouth! Thou art still too young and guileless to understand.
When you will be in my place, you'll see!

YOUNG WOMAN

When I'll be in thy place, I'll severed the lives that have to be severed
and I'm letting to flow those that deserve to be let flow!

OLD WOMAN

What nonsense!

She sniggers bitterly

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Sister, it's not nonsense. Just a different opinion of thought.

OLD WOMAN

Realize the difference between opinion and truth before speaking!

She cuts another bit of yarn

YOUNG WOMAN

Look at this life! It was still an infant! It will never see its first Summer!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

My child, lives are cut for many reasons.

YOUNG WOMAN

And for such heinous reasons can this wickedness be committed? Evil lives are
spinning longer than virtuous lives, why?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

What's done cannot be undone!

OLD WOMAN

What's done cannot be undone! Of course!
If lives were all cut to the same height, what fun would it be?



Without pains and mischances mortals become lazy and idle and they fail the beautiful experiences life offers them between an agony and a tragedy. Happiness is fleeting and it always precedes a bigger misery.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Lord, what fool these mortals be!

YOUNG WOMAN

But those who want a noble life and dream of the glory of a lifetime in goodness...

OLD WOMAN

Like madness is the glory of life!

Better one hundred days as a fiend than one as a good man!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

In the end my sister takes thee anyway.

YOUNG WOMAN

So that's it. But why the fiend lives longer than the good man?

OLD WOMAN

Here's another nonsense! What a meaningless, juvenile question!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Sister, she's still a maiden.

OLD WOMAN

Thanks to the fiend the good man can be considered himself as such. There are few good men, far too many fiends!

What do you think would happen if all evil dies before virtuous?

Hell may also seem empty and may seem that all the devils are on Earth, but in fact Hell's a seething cauldron and it's always full to the brim.

Must wait for a part to evaporate to add more wood to the fire, or risk to overturn everything!

Instead there's space galore in Heaven's immensity!

And they're eager for good men, they cannot help it!

Silence

OLD WOMAN

It's not me fault. I just do me job.

She cuts another piece of wool



OLD WOMAN

I do me job. What happens on the mortal Earth is not me business.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

It should not matter even to thee, my child. Alas, there's no remedy.

OLD WOMAN

Everyone has their own fate and the more people try to avoid it, the more trouble they get into.

Better to succumb to a fate as a fiend that be good and await the scissor cut.

Only the wheel spinning can be heard

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Time has passed. The Clock chimes and we've to depart from here.

The Young woman stops the spinning wheel pedal

OLD WOMAN

When shall we three meet again?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

When Time wants.

And thou know'st as I do that Time can be lazy sometimes and likes to waste several whirling of hands.

Maybe when will be here the set of Sun.

Perhaps in the blackest Night, no Moon nor Stars showing the path.

OLD WOMAN

Until then, farewell.

She exits

YOUNG WOMAN & MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN:

Take a safe return home.

They collect the basket of wool and leave

The brightness of the scene fades, but before it gets completely dark all over, the Young woman comes back on stage and approaches the pile of cut wool threads , abandoned beside the Old woman's chair



YOUNG WOMAN:

Thou hast experienced so little, thy life has been cut off too early... farewell to thee too.

I can reassure thee on thy short, but worthy work in this wicked World.

She bows, then turns to the audience

YOUNG WOMAN:

Farewell to you all, sitting in the shadows! I pray that Time will deliver your woolen thread to the Old woman as late as possible.

She glances around, before turning and exiting

Dark falls.

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